

Cassie and the Angel

by Gabriel's Wings - Love Squares

Category: Supernatural

Genre: Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Castiel, Dean W., OC, Sam W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 21:55:33

Updated: 2016-04-27 19:29:57

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:01:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 7

Words: 10,365

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if Jimmy had a sister that wasn't supposed to exist? What if the sister knew things she wasn't supposed to? And what if Castiel talked to his vessel more? Meet Cassie who isn't just Cassie, the sick woman who believes in angels and the supernatural. (Pairing are currently undecided.) T for swearing and my own paranoia.

1. Prolouge

When I wake up, the first thing I realize is that this is not my bedroom. The covers are purple, not green, and the walls are painted. Even the furniture is different and not where they should be. That's when the memories begin flooding my head. They are not mine but they feel just as real.

The thoughts race in my head. My name is Cassie Novak, though I was called something else before. I turn over in my bed, which is suddenly familiar. Pushing my black hair out of my face, I look to the digital clock at my nightstand, the flashing red letters reading "11:52 AM". Someone knocks at the door persistently. It must be either my brother, Jimmy, or my niece, Claire. There's no way it's Jimmy's wife since doesn't like that I live with them very much. Not that it was my choice. My house was burnt down recently and no one knows why yet. Not that she cares. Jimmy's wife, Amelia, thinks I'm not right in the head because I talk about angels and demons as if they're real. She blames it on my illness.

At that moment, the names become recognizable in my mind and I realize I am in Supernatural. I know I should panic but somehow I feel like this is more real than the world I just left. Even with that feeling in my head, my breathing quickens. Suddenly, my thoughts are interrupted by a high, clear voice.

"Aunty Cassie, are you awake?" Claire's voice is muffled by the door, but I know it's her. The door creaks open slowly, revealing her small

figure.

"I am now, sweetie." I smile at her before realizing the worry on her face. "Is there something wrong? Come sit down." The words come out of my mouth before I can even register them. Because I've done this so many times before, I think. Or at least whoever I am now. It must be like second nature.

Claire shuffles over to me. "Mom and dad are fighting again. Mom's afraid that your weirdness might rub off on me," she says. I hug her tightly. She holds me close. "You're not going to leave, are you? I don't want you to leave."

"I won't leave. Not yet," I tell her. Not until Amelia drops me off at the hospital once she's had enough. I don't say that out loud, though. "Now, do you need any help with your schoolwork?"

"No, I finished that Friday night so I could play with you," Claire says. A small smile makes its way to her face and I know that there's no way I could say no to that face.

"What do you want to play? Go grab the game then come back with it."

* * *

><p>I play with Claire for a couple hours before we move on with our day. Late in the evening, Jimmy and I watch the TV together in the living room. We're both lounging on the couch when it goes fuzzy. Jimmy gets up abruptly, and I, recognizing what's about to happen, brace myself. We both collapse from the pain.<p>

* * *

><p>We can both hear the angel's words now, but only Jimmy can follow them as I am too sick to get out of bed most days. Claire and I hear Amelia's scream from the kitchen. The walls are thin but not by that much, so I can't make out any of the words she's saying.<p>

"Stay here, I'll go see what's going on." I leave her in her room and nearly trip down the narrow stairway. Being sick is awful in that sense. I rush to the kitchen area to see Jimmy's hand in the pot. "Jimmy! Take your hand out of the pot!" I exclaim. "You're freaking your wife out."

"What? I'm the only one who's freaked out about him having his hand in a pot of boiling water?" she all but screeches. He takes his hand out to show that it's fine.

"See, Amelia? He's fine. Though, you shouldn't do those things where people can see them, Jimmy. And if he doesn't stop telling you, I'm talking to him," I say, thinking of the only angel that could be telling him these things.

"Who's telling him?" Amelia looks between us. Horror and annoyance it expressed clearly in her tone and facial expression. "Who's telling you?"

"An angel." Jimmy answers honestly and I cringe. That's not the right thing to say in front of your wife who doesn't believe they're

real.

"Jimmy," I hiss, "you shouldn't tell her this."

Ignoring me, he continues to speak to her and I slowly retreat to my room. Claire perks up when she hears my footsteps and rushes out to greet me.

"Is everything alright, Aunty Cassie?" she asks.

"Everything's fine, Claire." She doesn't believe me. I can tell from the way her lips purse and her eyebrows furrow, but she doesn't say anything else.

* * *

><p>Amelia's getting to her breaking point. Jimmy is as well. Amelia is telling him that if he doesn't stop talking about angels or take the pills, she's leaving to her mother's house with Claire. They're fighting again when Claire finally asks me, "what's going to happen? Will I really have to leave dad and you?"<p>

I hesitate for a few moments. Should I tell her about my other set of memories? Who I really am? Then again, she wouldn't believe me.

"Nothing. I won't let anything happen to the three of you," I promise her. "You three will all stay in this house together. Come one, I think I smell dinner."

* * *

><p>"Jimmy, wait," I say before he puts on his trenchcoat. We stand outside, on the lawn. The night chill sends goosebumps up my bare arms but I pay them no mind. I know this scene. I've watched it play out on my laptop screen to not know it. "Give that to me."<p>

"Cassie? What're you doing out of bed and dressed like that?" he asks, gesturing to my (admittedly rather pretty) black summer dress, which I rarely wear.

"Jimmy, I'm not going to let you leave Claire like this. She can hear you. Both of you. And I promised her the three of you would stay here." I put his hand in mine. "And I know what the angel wants us to do. So either put that back or give it to me because I won't let you leave them. Go back now, and don't worry about me. I'll be getting what I've always wanted. Wings."

"Cassie? What do you mean?" Jimmy asks, worry apparent on his face. There's no way he doesn't know what I'm getting at, but he asks anyway.

"I love you, Jimmy. Tell Claire I love her to," I whisper to him. I turn my back to his crestfallen face. "Castiel!" I shout. "I'm here for you! Come take me as your vessel! My brother has to do his duty here! I allow you to use my body as a vessel as long as you talk to me and leave my family alone!"

* * *

><p>Claire hears a stifled yell from outside. She wakes up and hurries downstairs, not caring if she wakes up her parents. She opens the front door and immediately wishes she brought jacket. The thought leaves her mind when she sees her father and her aunt standing only a few feet away from her.<p>

"Aunty Cassie?" She approaches the woman. The woman turns with cold, blue eyes.

"I am not your aunt," the being says apathetically. Claire can only agree with it as a chilling feeling overcomes her. It may be her aunt's body, but what's in there isn't her aunt. It disappears with the sound of wings, leaving Jimmy with his daughter.

2. Castiel's Introdcution

The door bursts open and a beautiful woman in a black sundress and trenchcoat stalks in. She takes purposeful strides, staring straight ahead with bright blue eyes. The lightbulbs above her head shatter in a shower of sparks when she passes them. As she approaches, Dean and Bobby open fire, but the shots do not slow her down. Dean unsheathes a knife as the woman gets closer.

"Who are you?" he asks the woman, once she comes to a stop in front of him.

"I am the one who gripped you tight and raised you from perdition," she answers, voice devoid of emotion.

"Yeah. Thanks for that." Dean rears back and plunges the knife into her chest, where it sticks. She looks down, unconcerned, pulls it out, and drops it on the floor. Bobby attempts to attack her from behind but she grabs his weapon and uses it to swing him around without turning her attention away from Dean. She touches Bobby's forehead with her fingertips and he crumples to the ground.

"We need to talk, Dean. Alone," she tells him. Dean crouches over Bobby, checking for his pulse. From his position, Dean looks up and glares at the woman. "Your friend is alive, she adds, though it does little to mollify the ferocity of his gaze.

"Who are you?"

"Castiel."

"Yeah. I figured as much. I mean, what are you?" he asks, irritated.

"I am an angel of the lord."

Dean scoffs. "Get the hell out of here. There's no such thing."

Exasperated, the woman almost sighs. "That is your problem, Dean. You have no faith." Lightning flashes and on Castiel's back great shadowy wings appear, stretching off into the distance. The light goes out and they disappear with it.

Acknowledgement dawns on Dean's face but he is still not less annoyed. "Some angel you are. You burned out that poor woman's eyes."

"I warned her not to spy on my true form. It can be... overwhelming to humans, so can my true voice. But you already know that."

"You mean the gas station and the motel. That was you talking?" She nods. "Sweetheart, next time, lower the volume."

"That was my mistake. Certain people, special people, can perceive my true visage. I thought you would be one of them. I was wrong."

"And what visage are you in now? What, holy housewife?"

"This?" says Castiel, looking down at her form for a second. "This is... a vessel."

"You're possessing some poor woman?"

"She's a devout woman. She actually prayed for this."

"Well, I'm not buying what you're selling, so who are you really?"

"I told you."

"Right. And why would an angel save me from Hell?" scoffs Dean.

"Good things do happen, Dean."

"Not in my experience." Castiel stares at Dean and tilts her head to the right.

"What's the matter? You don't think you deserve to be saved?"

"Why'd you do it?"

"Because God commanded it," says Castiel. "Because we have work for you."

* * *

><p>I watch as Cas talks to Dean. The Jimmy I saw on the show couldn't have described this better. Letting an angel in you was exactly like being tied to a comet would, if that were possible. Yet, thanks to the merge between me and the other world's me, I'm already used to holding two sets of memories. What's another set?<p>

"Cas? Are you there?" I call for the angel when they are done. It's weird to be talking to yourself in your own head, and I wonder if Castiel can read my thoughts. Hopefully not, considering all the information I have about this world's reality.

"Yes," a voice replies. It is hard to describe the voice. It sounds calm and passionate at the same time.

"Be gentle with Dean, please. He may be the righteous man, but he is not a religious man, nor is he a man who will do as you or your

brothers say. He puts family, pie, and his impala above all else."

"Even the world?" says Castiel, whose voice is tinged with disbelief.

"If it means they are safe."

"Why?"

"Wouldn't you give up the world if God returned and asked it of you?"

"Yes."

"Then, if it's for his family's safety, he would gladly give up the world." He doesn't respond. "Just try to be gentle with him. And praise him now and then."

"I will try."

* * *

><p>Dean is asleep on the floor nearby and awakes to find Castiel standing in the kitchen. Dean checks on Sam, sees he is asleep on the couch, and walks slowly over to Castiel.<p>

"Excellent job with the witnesses." Castiel tells him, remembering what her vessel told her about praising Dean and being gentle with the hunter.

"You were hip to all of this?" Dean asks, irritated. Castiel pauses before answering.

"I was, uh, made aware.," she says.

"Well, thanks a lot for the angelic assistance. You know, I almost got my heart ripped out."

"But you didn't," Castiel pointed out, to no avail.

"I thought angels were supposed to be guardians. Fluffy wings, halos-you know, Michael Landon. Not dicks."

"Read the Bible. Angels are warriors of God. I'm a soldier." She turns more serious, not able to keep her word to her vessel if the man in front of them keeps talking like this.

"Yeah? Then, why didn't you fight?"

"I'm not here to perch on your shoulder. We had larger concerns."

"Concerns? There were people getting torn to shreds down here! And, by the way, while all this is going on, where the hell is your boss, huh, if there is a God?"

"There's a God," she says to him, getting angrier by the second.

"I'm not convinced, 'Cause if there is a God, what the Hell is he waiting for, huh? Genocide? Monsters roaming the Earth? The freaking apocalypse? At what point does he lift a damn finger and help the poor bastards that are stuck down here?"

"The Lord-

Dean interrupts her. "If you say "mysterious ways", so help me, I will kick your ass. So, Bobby was right... about the witnesses. It is some kind of a... sign of the apocalypse."

"That's why we're here. Big things afoot."

"Do I want to know why?"

"I sincerely doubt it, but you need to know. The rising of the witnesses is one of the 66 seals."

"Okay. I'm guessing that's not a show at Seaworld."

"Those seals are being broken by Lilith," continues Castiel, not understanding the reference.

"She did the spell. She rose the witnesses."

"Mmhmm. And not just here. Twenty other hunters are dead."

"Of course. She picked the victims that the hunters couldn't save so they would barrel right after us."

"Lilith has a certain sense of humor."

"Well, we put those spirits back to rest."

"It doesn't matter. The seal was broken."

"Why break the seal anyway?"

"You think of the seals as a lock on a door."

"Okay. Last one opens and..."

"Lucifer walks free."

"Lucifer? But I thought Lucifer was just a story they told at demon Sunday school. There's no such thing."

"Three days ago, you thought there was no such thing as me. Why do you think we're here walking among you now for the first time in 2,000 years?"

"To stop Lucifer," realizes Dean.

"That's why we've arrived."

"Well... bang up job so far. Stellar work with the witnesses. That's nice."

This was, for lack of a better expression, the final straw. "We tried. And there are other battles, other seals. Some we'll win, some

we'll lose. This one we lost. Our numbers are not unlimited. Six of my brothers died in the field this week. You think the armies of Heaven should just follow you around? There's a bigger picture here. You should show me some respect. I dragged you out of hell. I can throw you back in." Castiel vanishes, not a trace of the female vessel she posses left behind.

* * *

><p>"Well, that started out well," I say (think, really) sarcastically. "And you did praise him, even if he didn't understand."<p>

"I don't see how you can believe he is a good man. He insulted my father, he insulted my brothers and sisters, and he believes we should be helping him every step of the way," responds Castiel coldly.

"He doesn't understand what's going on and he's scared. He wants to know the solution. He wants to know why his brother is so different. He wants the answers, but he's also afraid of them. He still has nightmares of Hell every time he sleeps and so he doesn't. He's a tired man. That's why you're here for him."

"Why am I here for him?"

"Because you... we will be a constant for him. You will always exist."

"How do you know?"

I wonder if I should tell him, but he is going to find out sooner or later. May as well make it sooner. "I have memories of another life. One where Cassie Novak does not exist. And you live. And Dean lives. And the two of you will be there, side by side, together."

"And why did I not know of this before?"

"Because they are the only things I have left. And your brothers do not know about them. God might. I really want to meet him, God. I have a few questions for him, actually. Tell me when you find him."

"You don't know where he is?" Castiel asks, disappointed.

"I'm sorry, Castiel, but I don't have all the answers." And the conversation between the angel and I stops.

* * *

><p>Hello reader,<p>

This is my first fanfic on this site and I have no Beta currently. If you notice anything off, even a typo, I would not feel offended if you point it out.

Gabriel's Wings

P.S.

If you have any questions about Cassie, I will happily reply.

****AN 2: (Edit 4/16/2016)****

****Hello,****

****The above still stands except for the beta part as the position has now been taken over by totallyignorable.****

****Gabriel's Wings****

3. Flash from the Past

Dean wakes up to a woman with long messy black hair and a relatively tight sundress sitting on his motel bed.

"Hello, Dean. What were you dreaming about?" She smiles gently, not at all the way she acted the other times they met.

"What, do you get your freak on by watching other people sleep? What do you want?" Dean asks, making Castiel turns serious and grim.

"Listen to me," she says, her voice reverting back to its cold tone. "You have to stop it."

"Stop what?"

Instead of answering, Castiel puts two fingers to his forehead.

* * *

><p>"You could have answered him, Cas," I complain. "Or let me talk to him more. I was curious how he would answer."<p>

"He asked what they wanted so we told him."

"You should have given him the details before sending him back in time," I point out. Then his words register in my head. "Wait... You said we. That means you're accepting that we can work together as a team." I smile (or rather my soul smiles, it's pretty confusing).

He doesn't respond, making me sigh. Or as close as I can get to sighing, considering that I'm just thinking everything. Having a conversation with the being you're sharing a body with is weird.

"Cas, don't ignore it. Just enjoy it!" I cheer.

"Enjoy what?" he asks. It is easy to imagine him doing his head tilt, though rather strange at the same time because I imagine him in my brother's body.

"Um, our merge?" I reply hesitantly.

"Merge?" There is a hint of coldness surrounding me and I wonder if he's feeling fear.

"Yeah. If my other self and I have merged into one, isn't it likely

that I can merge with you?" I explain.

"Those souls were incomplete pieces and human. You are still human, and I am an angel," he responds stiffly.

"Doesn't mean we aren't merging," I grumble.

* * *

><p>Castiel appears beside Dean in the passenger seat while he's driving.<p>

"So what? God's my co-pilot, is that it?" says Dean. Castiel only stares. "Well, you're a regular Chatty Cathy. Tell me something. Sam would have wanted in on this, why not bring him back?"

"You had to do this alone, Dean," she tells him, though she winces soon after as if something hurts her.

"And you don't care that he's tearing up the future looking for me right now?" He glances to his right.

"Sam's not looking for you," she says bluntly.

"Alright, if I do this, then the family curse breaks, right? Mom and Dad live happily ever after, and â€" and, Sam and I grow up playing little league and chasing tail?" He checks with the angel in the passenger seat.

"You realize, if you do alter the future, your father, you, Sam â€" you'll never become hunters. And all those people you saved, they'll die," she says, a hint of sorrow in her voice.

"I realize."

"And you don't care?" Her head tilts to the side slightly in confusion, eyes unblinking.

"Oh, I care. I care a lot, but these are my parents. I'm not going to let them die again. I can't. No, not if I can stop it." He grips the wheel tighter as he drives, making his knuckles pale, then looks to the passenger seat to see that she has disappeared.

* * *

><p>"Are you ready to talk me to about merging yet?" I ask the angel in my body. He doesn't answer, not that I'm surprised. He probably doesn't think it's possible but if he does, he's probably scared. It would mean that he would be neither angel nor human, but something in-between. An abomination. Like Sam. "Don't worry, eventually you won't even notice I'm gone."<p>

"I am not worried," he finally answers.

"So you won't miss my company when we've merged?" I ask, teasing him. Not that he'll realize it.

"We cannot merge," he replies assuredly. I roll my eyes.

"If I was once two incomplete pieces of a soul in two different

forms, isn't it possible I'm still incomplete?" There's no response for a while and I groan. "If you don't want to answer it then just say so, then I won't have to deal with long silences."

* * *

><p>Castiel appears beside Dean and places a hand on his shoulder. Her vessel's soul is crying at the scene before them and confuses the angel, but decides to talk to her vessel's soul later.<p>

* * *

><p>Dean is asleep in bed. He gasps and wakes up. He notices Castiel is standing near the foot of the bed. Dean sits up quickly.<p>

"I couldn't stop any of it. She still made the deal. She still died in the nursery, didn't she?" he asks, grief hitting him again.

"Don't be too hard on yourself. You couldn't have stopped it." A gentleness appears in the vessel's voice, her blue eyes looking down at him with a strange wetness that should not be in an angel's eyes. Dean stands up abruptly, making Castiel look up at him.

"What?" Anger is apparent on his face and in his tone.

"Destiny can't be changed, Dean. All roads lead to the same destination," Castiel explains, the gentleness gone and her face hardening.

"Then why'd you send me back?"

"For the truth. Now you know everything we do."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Castiel looks at the other bed, which hasn't been slept in, and Dean follows her gaze. "Where's Sam?"

"We know what Azazel did to your brother. What we don't know is why" " what his endgame is. He went to great lengths to cover that up." Castiel pauses before saying, "you may need to ask my vessel."

"Where's Sam?" Dean repeats.

"425 Waterman," she answers. He grabs his keys and his jacket. "Your brother is headed down a dangerous road, Dean, and we're not sure where it leads. So stop it. Or we will."

* * *

><p>"Be gentle with him. How many times have I told you to be gentle with the righteous man?" I scold the angel, which I privately find amusing.<p>

"It is hard to be. He makes me angry, furious even." And I know that Dean is making this hard. I can feel Castiel's rage surrounding me.

"He does that to many people, demons and angels too. He's good at

pushing buttons." I try to ease the angel into a more calm state.

"What am I supposed to do?" He's pleading, I realize. Castiel is pleading to me, someone who is just two incomplete pieces of a human soul, someone he should regard as less than him.

"Learn to be human. He doesn't trust you. And he currently has no reason to trust you. It might be easier if you act more human," I advise him. It's the best I can come up with quickly.

There is only silence. Great, I just love silence.

"Or just ignore my advice that could be helpful too." I puff out my cheeks.

"Why were you crying? You knew what would happen." Ah. Right. That.

"Seeing something you don't believe is real is different than seeing someone die right before you," I state. And it's true. You see a lot of people die when watching Supernatural, but so long as they haven't been truly human, I wouldn't cry. But seeing it in front of me, even because of me, it changes everything.

4. Hey Uriel and Sam?

**Hello! I thought I would try writing up here this time.
**

Deadone1013, I'm planning on keeping things canon for now, but I hope to change things eventually. I have yet decide how this will continue and where things will start to noticeably change, though.

If anyone has suggestions I will be willing to read them and keep them in mind while writing.

Thank you for reading this,

Gabriel's Wings

P.S.

Sorry for the short chapter.

* * *

><p>Dean is driving the impala and Sam is in the passenger seat. Both are listening to Hells Bells as they pass by trees.<p>

"I like this song, but would you please turn it down a little so I can talk?" Castiel appears in the backseat making Sam and Dean jump out of of surprise.

"Don't do that!" Dean shouts. "And what kind of angel likes ACDC?"

"Oh! I'm not the angel!" She laughs a little. "Cas dropped me off

where you guys are so I could talk. By Cas I mean Castiel, he's the angel who uses my body as a vessel."

"Wait, Castiel's a guy?" Dean gets even more confused.

"Actually, he's a multidimensional wavelength of celestial intent, but I've always thought of him as a he, so even after he went into me, it was hard to stop thinking of him as that."

"And what's your name?"

"You can call me Cassie."

"Cas and Cassie. Is your actual name Castiel too?"

"Of course not. My parents didn't name me after an angel. But that's not what I'm here to talk to you about. First, no angels can know of what Cas and I do. It could put both of us in danger. Second I would like to say, Hello again. To both of you."

"Again?" Sam cuts in.

"I sort of met your brother and yourself, Sam, I met you with Uriel before Cas took over completely and called you 'the boy with demon blood'. I'm trying to get him to be more gentle, but he's an angel, and doesn't yet understand us humans." She sighs. "I wanted to tell you, most importantly, something I've only told Cas."

"What?" Both brothers ask, their curiosity peaked.

"I'm not entirely from this world. I am made of two incomplete soul pieces, one from this world and the other from one where your lives from when John disappears and years into your future are a TV show. It sounds like a joke, I know, but it's true. In that world, Cassie doesn't exist. Cassie isn't supposed to exist in this one, that's what half of me is saying, but I wanted to tell you I know what happened during those four months on both of your sides. I will not say I promise."

She takes a deep breath before continuing.

"But, you will release the morning star. Unless you don't-" she stops. Her voice changes, "Cassie has run out of energy to take control of this vessel and is unable to talk, even to me."

The woman disappears, leaving Sam and Dean alone to think about what she just said.

"Fuck!" Dean hits his wheel. "She had something really important to say and so of course she runs out of energy!"

* * *

><p>The door rattles violently and bursts open. Castiel and Uriel enter.<p>

"Please tell me you're here to help. We've been having demon issues all day." Dean sighs.

"Well, I can see that. You want to explain why you have that stain in

the room?" Uriel glares at Ruby.

"We're here for Anna." Castiel tells the brothers.

"Here for her like... here for her?" Dean asks.

"Stop talking. Give her to us." Uriel demands.

"Are you gonna help her?" Sam looks at Castiel hopefully.

"No, she has to die." She replies.

"You want Anna? Why?" Sam asks, anxious about the answer.

"Out of the way." Uriel tells them.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Okay, I know she's wiretapping your angel chats or whatever, but it's no reason to gank her." Dean waves his hands.

"Don't worry. I'll kill her gentle." Uriel smiles darkly.

"You're some heartless sons of bitches, you know that?" Dean asks.

"As a matter of fact, we are. And?" Castiel responds as Dean watches for any sign that Cassie's in there.

"And? Anna's an innocent girl." Sam shouts.

"She is far from innocent." The angel in the trench coat says.

"What's that supposed to mean?" He stares at her in hope of a straight answer.

"It means she's worse than this abomination you've been screwing. Now give us the girl." Uriel growls.

"Sorry. Get yourself another one. Try JDate." Dean looks away from Castiel for a moment. Sam on the other hand continues to watch her, seeing a small smile appear on her face.

"Who's gonna stop us? You two? Or this demon whore?" Uriel throws Ruby against a wall. Dean attacks him.

"Cas, stop... please, Cassie." Castiel hesitates but touches Sam's forehead and he falls to the ground. Uriel punches Dean.

"I've been waiting for this." Uriel smiles. Suddenly a bright light engulfs Castiel and Uriel and they disappear.

5. Cassandra?

Dean is driving the Impala and Sam is sitting in the passenger seat. Both are listening to "Armageddon It" as they pass by tall, looming trees. The road is mostly deserted, and they haven't seen another car for several minutes. They pass a speed limit sign, which Dean stubbornly ignores.

"I really like this song, but would you please turn it down a little so I can talk?" Castiel appears in the backseat making Sam and Dean jump in their seats in surprise.

"Don't do that!" Dean shouts, clearly jostled. "And what kind of angel likes Def Leppard?"

"Oh! I'm not an angel!" She laughs a little and her voice is higher, a bit more mellifluous. Both Winchesters notice this immediate change. "Cas dropped me off where you guys are so I could talk. By Cas I mean Castiel. I'm his vessel. Um, I guess that's pretty obvious, huh?"

"Wait, Castiel's a guy?" Dean asks, frowning. It makes Cassie want to laugh again, but she only smiles.

"Actually, he's a multidimensional wavelength of celestial intent, but I've always thought of him as a he, so even after he took over, it was hard to stop thinking of him as that."

"And what's your name?"

"You can call me Cassie."

"Cas and Cassie. Is your actual name Castiel too?"

Cassie rolls her eyes, as if Dean is being dense on purpose. "Of course not. My parents didn't name me after an angel. But that's not what I'm here to talk to you about. First, no angels can know of what Cas and I do. It could put both of us in danger. Second I would like to say hello again. To both of you."

"Again?" Sam cuts in.

"Yes, I often watch attentively what Cas is doing when you two are around. I'm trying to get him to be more gentle, but he's an angel, so he doesn't understand us humans yet." She sighs. "I wanted to tell you, most importantly, something I've only told Cas."

"What?" both brothers ask, their curiosity piqued.

"I'm not entirely from this world. I am made of two incomplete soul pieces, one from this world and the other from one where your lives from when John disappears and years into your future are a TV show. It sounds like a joke, I know, but it's true. In that world, Cassie doesn't exist. Cassie isn't supposed to exist in this one, that's what half of me is saying, but that isn't the point."

She takes a deep breath before continuing.

"You will release the morning star. Unless you-" she stops. Her voice changes mid sentence. "Cassie has run out of energy to take control of this vessel and is unable to talk, even to me."

The woman disappears, leaving Sam and Dean alone to think about what she just said.

"Fuck!" Dean hits his wheel in his frustration. "Of course she runs out of energy the moment she says there's something important we need

to know!"

* * *

><p>"Cas?" I call for my angel, feeling exhausted. "What happened?"<p>

"You ran out of strength, your soul is weak and needs to recover," Castiel explains. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. Jimmy never took control when Cas was in his body in the show. It sounds sort of like what happens with time traveling.

"I'll be recharged in a few days I assume, so you'll take me to them when I'm ready again," I command.

"You shouldn't-"

"I said you'll take me to them when I'm ready," I snarl. "Or I could just reject you from my vessel and warn my brother and niece."

"I will take you," he accedes reluctantly. And then there is total silence.

A moment later, I realize that I just threatened Castiel, an angel. I try to not be so baleful due to how much the people around are usually the ones taking care of me. I'll have to apologize to him. After the next talk with the Winchesters, perhaps.

* * *

><p>Sam and Dean are changing clothes in their motel room, both in various states of undress. The motel room is a dingy, small place with the lingering smell of alcohol, peeling red wallpaper, and a large stain on the ceiling.<p>

"Hello?" The sudden female voice makes the Winchesters turn towards the door. There stands Castiel, her face covered by her hands. Realizing what state of dress he and his brother are in, Sam continues to get dressed in a hurry.

"Which one are you?" Dean asks, putting his shirt on in one swift movement.

"Er, Cassie. I'm Cassie," she answers, quickly peeking only to veil her eyes again.

"Cassandra?" Dean guesses what the nickname stands for as he puts his pants on.

"No, and I'd rather not say," she replies. She peeks again, and satisfied with the fully-covered Winchesters, lowers her hands. "Now I would really like it if we could talk about what is truly important since I am losing control over my body."

"What do you want us to do? Get Castiel out of you?" Sam asks in earnest curiosity.

"What? No! Dear me, no. I already know how to do that anyways. I came to talk to you about not letting Lucifer out of his cage or even how to stick him back in if you do," Cassie rejects vehemently. She adds

a moment later, "which is highly likely considering the way the path you are currently on and the way the show went."

She realizes her slip-up a moment too late, but thankfully, neither Winchester pick up on it. "So? What's the plan?" Dean inquires.

"Well, you'll probably want to keep in contact with Chuck and Anna Milton as soon as you meet them. They'll help a lot. The Colt doesn't work on Lucifer and if you try, Ellen and Jo die due to hellhounds and explosives. Not a threat, but a statement," she lists, counting on her fingers. Sam and Dean exchange nervous glances. "Don't say yes to anyone who asks or tries to force you after opening the cage. Don't continue drinking b- well, just don't drink any more, Sam."

"Wait. You're not going to tell me to stop drinking?" Dean looks affronted that she didn't mention him.

"No. You'll be... fine if you keep drinking whatever you drink, Dean." She waves it away casually.

"You hesitated. Why did you hesitate?" Dean tries to intimidate her, but to no avail.

"Doesn't matter right now. Number five, don't ever take vacations from hunting that separates you two. Nothing good ever-" She stops suddenly.

"Castiel?" Sam asks cautiously.

"Cassie is weak again. She needs to recover," Castiel confirms.

"Can you tell us what else she had for us?" asks Dean.

"No. She is afraid of something and has rejected that idea," says Castiel. Dean and Sam blink, hearing the sound of feathers taking flight. The second their eyes open, Castiel has already disappeared from the motel room.

* * *

><p>"Was I out longer than last time?" I call out.<p>

"Yes," Castiel responds. I can hear a touch of concern in his voice and am inordinately pleased with myself. "I made your soul rest longer since last time you went with the minimum time."

"Thank you." I suddenly become nervous. "And I am deeply sorry for threatening you. It was wrong of me to do so for something so vile over something that wasn't that important."

"I accept your apology and forgive you. I would like to know why, however."

"I felt frustrated that I was about to tell them something important, but was cut off because of my own weakness." I pause. "I would get into a fits of passion like that thanks to the illness I had. Though no one would be near me when they would happen. I believe it was connected to the same feeling of helplessness."

"I can take it away if you wish," Castiel offers.

"No, I don't believe that's a good idea. If you take it away or make me forget, then I will be losing a large part of myself as it was a part of both of my lives and made me draw strength to live." Not that emotional strength helped me much when my fangirl side died. Although, really, being religious was practically the same thing.

* * *

><p>Hello.

****This chapter was the hardest one to write so far since none of that was based off of canon episodes. I found it difficult to write Sam and include him with Cassie/Castiel and Dean conversing.****

****If anyone was offended by that last sentence, I did not mean to offend, it was just the way it turned out.****

****Gabriel's Wings****

6. Dean's redhead

The door rattles violently, attracting the attention of everyone in the room. It bursts open, and Castiel and Uriel walk through the doorway in unison.

"Please tell me you're here to help. We've been having demon issues all day," Dean sighs.

"Well, I can see that. You want to explain why you have that stain in the room?" Uriel glares at Ruby, who returns gaze with equal contempt.

"We're here for Anna," Castiel tells the brothers.

"Here for her like... here for her?" Dean asks.

"Stop talking. Give her to us," Uriel demands.

"Are you gonna help her?" Sam looks at Castiel hopefully.

"No. She has to die."

The words sink in slowly. "You want Anna? Why?" Sam asks anxiously.

"Out of the way," Uriel tells them, ignoring Sam's question.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Okay, I know she's wiretapping your angel chats or whatever, but it's no reason to gank her," Dean waves his hands.

"Don't worry. I'll kill her gently," Uriel says, smiling darkly.

"You're some heartless sons of bitches, you know that?" Dean asks.

"As a matter of fact, we are. And?" Castiel respond. Dean searches Castiel's face, wondering if Cassie is in there.

"And? Anna's an innocent girl," Sam protests.

"She is far from innocent," the angel states coldly.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dean asks. He stares at her in hope of a straight answer.

"It means she's worse than this abomination you've been screwing. Now give us the girl," Uriel growls.

"Sorry. Get yourself another one. Try J-Date." Dean looks away from Castiel for a moment. Sam on the other hand continues to watch her, seeing a small smile appear on her face.

"Who's gonna stop us? You two? Or this demon whore?" In a show of anger, Uriel throws Ruby against a wall. Dean runs forward and attacks him.

"Cas, stop... please, Cassie," Sam pleads. Castiel hesitates, but touches Sam's forehead and watches as he crumples to the ground, unconscious. Uriel punches Dean.

"I've been waiting for this."

Suddenly a bright light engulfs Castiel and Uriel and they disappear.

* * *

><p>"How's the car?" Dean asks his younger brother.<p>

"I got her. She's fine. Where's Bobby?" Sam responds.

"Uh, the Dominican. He said we break anything, we buy it."

"He's working a job?"

"God, I hope so. Otherwise, he's at hedonism in a banana hammock and a trucker cap," Dean jokes half-heartedly.

"Now that's seared in my brain." Sam hesitates. "I saw her."

"Saw who?"

"Cassie. I was watching her when you were talking to Uriel, and she looked amused. And when I asked her to stop, she hesitated before doing anything. She's still in there."

Dean frowns. "That's great, but I don't think she can do anything for us until her buddy is away. There seems to be some rules against humans taking back their vessel while there's an angel inside."

Sam sighs. "You're probably right."

* * *

><p>Later, Sam, Dean, and Anna gather in a barn. They are swathed in shadows and are all on edge, if the tenseness of their shoulders are anything to go by. Suddenly, the door opens with a loud blast of noise and light. Castiel and Uriel enter, with identical aloof expressions.<p>

"Hello, Anna. It's good to see you," Castiel says to Anna.

"How? How did you find us?" Sam turns to Dean after a pause.
"Dean?"

"I'm sorry," Dean says, turning to Anna.

"Why?" demands Sam, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Because they gave him a choice. They either kill me, or kill you. I know how their minds work," Anna says harshly. She shoots the two angels a harsh glare before kissing Dean gently on the lips. It lasts several seconds, then Anna pulls away. She stares into Dean's eyes sadly. "You did the best you could. I forgive you." She turns to face Castiel and Uriel. "Okay. No more tricks. No more running. I'm ready."

"I'm sorry." Castiel's blue eyes soften.

"No. You're not. Not really. You don't know the feeling," Anna says. She throws every word at Castiel, her head tilted upwards in defiance.

"Still, we have a history. It's just--"

"Orders are orders. I know. Just make it quick." Anna braces herself.

Before anyone could move, Alastair, a bleeding Ruby, and another demon appear. The angels and the Winchesters look up, each with varying expressions of shock, annoyance, and anger.

"Don't you touch a hair on that poor girl's head," Alastair says. He smiles mockingly.

"How dare you come in this room, you pussing sore?" Uriel says in an attempt to insult the demon.

"Name-calling. That hurt my feelings, you sanctimonious, fanatical prick," Alistair response, returning the favor. Uriel bristles and eyes Alistair coldly.

"Turn around and walk away now," Castiel orders.

"Sure. Just give us the girl. We'll make sure she gets punished good and proper," Alistair replies.

"You know who we are and what we will do. I won't say it again. Leave now or we lay you to waste," she orders again.

"I think I'll take my chances."

The room erupts into chaos. Had there been any onlookers, it would have been impossible for them to observe everything going on. Uriel

begins fighting a demon while Castiel tries to smite Alastair with no result.

"Sorry, doll. Why don't you go run to daddy?" sneers Alistair, pinning Castiel down. She struggles in his grip, but he only strengthens it.

Uriel, in the other side of the room, exorcises the nameless demon that had entered with the other three.

"Potestas inferna, me confirma. Potestas inferna, me confirma. Potestas inferna, me confirma!" Alastair chants as he exorcises Castiel. Before he can finish chanting, Dean hits him with a crowbar from behind. Alistair looks up, unfazed. "Dean, Dean, Dean... I am so disappointed. You had such promise."

Alastair attacks Dean and Sam. Castiel, now free from his grasp, stumbles to her feet. While Uriel is distracted in killing yet another demon, Anna moves forward and snatches her Grace from him.

"No!" Uriel shouts at the fallen angel as she breaks the pendant. Her Grace is released, and it flows into her mouth, filling her with angelic power. Soon the entire room begins to shine with indescribable brilliance.

"Shut your eyes!" screams Anna, repeating the demand two more times with increasing worry. The entire room bursts into brilliant white light and when it dims down, both Anna and Alistair are gone. Alistair has, however, left behind Ruby's knife.

"Well, what are you guys waiting for? Go get Anna," says Dean to Castiel and Uriel. "Unless, of course, you're scared."

"This isn't over," Uriel warns them menacingly.

"Oh, it looks over to me, junkless."

With one final sneer, Castiel and Uriel disappear.

* * *

><p>"Things are just getting better and better," I grumble. "And the future still hasn't changed! Should I just let the civil war in heaven start before I change anything?"<p>

"There will be a civil war in heaven?" Castiel asks.

I don't even hesitate to answer, refusing to believe anything could get worse from what was in store for the Winchesters. Whatever I could do to nullify the awful events that lay ahead, I would do. "Of course there will. Because every season things just get worse and worse for the Winchester brothers. Or, uh, every year, I guess."

"How do I stop it?"

* * *

><p>Hello, I am really excited to announce that somebody

voted in the shipping pole!

****I haven't seen the Dean/Chuck ship before and I'm not quite sure how I will implement it in this story, but I shall try.****

****If anyone doesn't want to see it, I would need two or more voters shipping Dean with someone else, or Dean/No one (Leave Dean a lonely and miserable soul).****

****Thank you,****

****Gabriel's Wings****

7. Torture is always so fun to listen to

****Voting Results for Pairings so far:****

****Dean/Cassie, 2 votes.****

****Destiel/Cassie (Dean loves both Cas and Cassie and it's returned), 1 vote****

****Dean/Castiel, 1 vote****

****Dean/Chuck, 1 vote****

****Dean/No one (Leave Dean a lonely and Miserable soul), 1 vote****

****Sastiel/Cassie (Basically Destiel/Cassie, but Sam is there instead), 1 vote****

****Sam/No one (Leave Sam a lonely soul), 1 vote****

****Cassie/Gabriel, 1 vote****

****Cassie/Adam, 1 vote****

****Thank you for voting, and please continue to do so at any time.****

****Deadonel3: Your review made me smile every time I looked at it and helped motivate me to write more. As the above may show, it does not seem like Dean will be left lonely and miserable.****

*** * ***

><p>Blue-white lightning strikes Alastair and he vanishes.<p>

"What the hell?" Dean asks no one in particular.

"Guess again." Dean turns around to see Castiel behind him. "What just happened? You and Sam just saved a seal. We captured Alastair. Dean, this was a victory."

"Well, no thanks to you."

"What makes you say that?"

"You were here the whole time?"

"Enough of it." Castiel looks away.

"Well, thanks for your help with the rock salt," says Dean sarcastically.

"That script on the funeral home—we couldn't penetrate it."

Realization dawns in Dean's eyes. "That was angel-proofing."

"Why do you think I recruited you and Sam in the first place?" Castiel looks back at Dean.

"You recruited us?"

"That wasn't your friend Bobby who called, Dean. It wasn't Bobby who told Sam about the seal."

"That was you?" She looks down and shrugs half-heartedly.

"If you want our help, why the hell didn't you just ask?"

"Because whatever I ask, you seem to do the exact opposite."

"So, what now, huh? The people in this town, they just gonna start dying again?"

"Yes."

"These are good people. What, you think you can make a few exceptions?"

"To everything there is a season."

"You made an exception for me." She pauses, then looks at Dean.

"You're different," she says with surprising conviction. A longer pause and Tessa appears next to Dean.

"Dean? I could use your help." When Dean looks back Castiel is gone.

* * *

><p>Car alarms blare. Several cars in various states of smashed pieces are in the street. Castiel appears and silences the alarms. She walks through the wreckage to the body of a woman. The woman is lying sprawled on the asphalt in bloodstained clothes. Castiel moves part of her clothing off her neck; she has been stabbed to death.<p>

"Goodbye, sister," Castiel tells the body. Moments later, police cars arrive, blaring their sirens. Officers rush into the scene.

"What the hell?" an officer exclaims. On the ground on either side of the corpse, an image of two great wings has been seared into the asphalt.

* * *

><p>"I am so sorry, Castiel," I tell the angel.<p>

"Why are you sorry? You did not kill her."

"No, I didn't. But you knew her and you cared for her. It is a way of showing sympathy." I take several shaky breaths before I start crying silently.

"Why are you crying?"

"Because you do not."

"There is no need."

"But what is happening is sad, and you will feel betrayed when you find out who the killer was. And this is just terrible!" I exclaim before I calm myself down. "If you hear dripping please check the circle."

* * *

><p>Sam and Dean enter a motel room.<p>

"Ah, home crappy home." Dean sighs as Sam flips on the lights. The room becomes awash with the fluorescents, revealing stained walls, cheap decor, and two disgruntled angels in the center.

"Winchester and Winchester," Uriel says, Castiel at his side.

"Oh come on," Dean complains.

"You are needed."

"Needed? We just got back from needed."

"Now, you mind your tone with me," hisses Uriel.

"No, you mind your damn tone with us."

"We just got back from Pamela's funeral," Sam explains.

"Pamela. You know, psychic Pamela? Cas, you remember her. You burned her eyes out. Remember that? Good times. Yeah, then she died saving one of your precious seals. So maybe you can stop pushing us around like chess pieces for five freaking minutes!" Dean yells.

"We raised you out of hell for our purposes," Uriel says.

"Yeah, what were those again? What exactly did you want from me?" Dean grits out.

"Start with gratitude," Uriel tells him.

"Oh."

"Dean, we know this is difficult to understand," says Castiel in a soft voice.

"And we-" Uriel gives Castiel a significant look. "-don't care. Now, seven angels have been murdered, all of them from our garrison. The last one was killed tonight."

"Demons?" Dean assumes. "How are they doing it?"

"We don't know," Uriel answers, as though it pains him to admit it.

"I'm sorry, but what do you want us to do about it? I mean, a demon with the juice to ice angels has to be out of our league, right?" Sam asks.

"We can handle the demons, thank you very much," Uriel answers indignantly.

"Once we find whoever it is," Castiel adds.

"So you need our help hunting a demon?" Dean says, disbelief obvious.

"Not quite. We have Alastair," Castiel states.

"Great. He should be able to name your trigger man." Dean shrugs.

"But he won't talk. Alastair's will is very strong. We've arrived at an impasse," Castiel continues.

"Yeah, well, he's like a black belt in torture. I mean, you guys are out of your league."

"That's why we've come to his student. You happen to be the most qualified interrogator we've got," Uriel says bluntly. Dean looks down.

"Dean, you are our best hope." Castiel looks up at him with sad blue eyes.

"No. No way. You can't ask me to do this, Cas. Not this."

Uriel walks up to Dean purposefully as Castiel averts her gaze.

"Who said anything about asking?" The angel grabs hold of him, and the three of them disappear. Sam looks around the empty room.

"Damn it!"

* * *

><p>Alastair is visible through a window in a door, chained to a hexacle standing in the middle of a devil's trap.<p>

"This devil's trap is old Enochian. He's bound completely," Castiel explains.

"Fascinating." Dean rolls his eyes again before turning away from the door. "Where's the door?"

"Where are you going?" she asks.

"Hitch back to Cheyenne, thank you very much." Dean walks past Uriel, then stops.

"Angels are dying, boy," Uriel says, blocking the human's path.

"Everybody's dying these days. And hey, I get it. You're all-powerful. You can make me do whatever you want. But you can't make me do this."

"This is too much to ask, I know. But we have to ask it." Dean watches Castiel for a moment, then turns back to Uriel.

"I want to talk to Cas alone."

"Then I think I'll go seek revelation. We might have some further orders," Uriel says.

"Well, get some donuts while you're out." Dean tells him making the male Angel laugh.

"Ah, this one just won't quit, will he? I think I'm starting to like you, boy." Dean watches Uriel vanish.

"You guys don't walk enough. You're gonna get flabby." Castiel doesn't react. "You know, I'm starting to think junkless has a better sense of humor than you do."

"Uriel's the funniest angel in the garrison. Ask anyone," says Castiel, obviously confused. Dean walks up to her.

"What's going on, Cas? Since when does Uriel put a leash on you?"

"My superiors have begun to question my sympathies."

"Your sympathies?"

"I was getting too close to the humans in my charge," she sighs. "You. They feel I've begun to express emotions. The doorways to doubt. This can impair my judgment."

"Well, tell Uriel, or whoever...you do not want me doing this, trust me."

"Want it, no. But I have been told we need it."

"You ask me to open that door and walk through it, you will not like what walks back out."

"For what it's worth, I would give anything not to have you do this." Dean closes his eyes. Castiel adds, "Cassie wishes to speak with you. I shall not be listening."

"Hey Cassie?"

"Dean! Oh! I'm so sorry!" She hugs him suddenly and holds him close to her. "There is no need for you to torture Alastair. No demon is

currently killing the angels. They can't. The only ones who can currently kill an angel are other angels. Don't tell Cas though. Please. I want his pain to be put off as long as possible. I'm begging you, Dean, do not tell him."

"You mean, you want me to go in there and torture Alastair?"

"No! I don't want you to follow that damned script!" She yells with tears in her eyes. Dean looks alarmed and, noticing this, she calms down. "But I don't know what else to do. I'm sorry, Dean."

"There's something else isn't there?"

"Yes- she has run out of energy and cannot keep talking." Castiel takes over.

"Great. Once again she's about to say something important and she runs out of energy." Dean closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. "I'll do it."

* * *

><p>Castiel hears Alistair screaming; she wishes to talk to someone so she won't focus on it, but Cassie is too weak and Uriel is not around here. So she listens to the other room. Then she notices a dripping sound.<p>

"Stop." Castiel walks into the room, surveying it. Her eyes fixate on one of the ceiling pipes, which has a minor leak. It has already left a small mark on the devil's trap, but thankfully not enough to destroy it.

"What? I thought you wanted me to do this?" Dea asks, rather pissed off at the angels playing Red Light, Green Light with Dean torturing Alistair.

"And you may continue once I have fixed the pipe and the circle." Castiel heads towards the pipe, fixing both of them as she said she would. "Done."

* * *

><p>It's night and Castiel now listens to Alistair's groans. The light flickers, catching her attention. The bulb explodes and Anna appears behind her.<p>

"Anna," he greets stiffly.

"Hello, Castiel." Anna replies. Castiel turns around, slightly surprised by what she sees.

"Your human body-"

"It was destroyed, I know. But I guess I'm sentimental. Called in some favors and..." Anna gestures at herself. Alistair's groans become louder.

"You shouldn't be here. We still have orders to kill you."

"Somehow, I don't think you'll try. Where's Uriel?"

"He went to seek revelation," Castiel says.

"Right." Anna's voice is tinted with disbelief that Castiel can't hear. "Why are you letting Dean do this?"

"It's God's work." And Cassie didn't say anything against it. Castiel decides not to mention her vessel's knowledge.

"Torturing? That's God's work? Stop him, Cas, please. Before you ruin the one real weapon you have," Anna pleads.

"Who are we to question the will of God?"

"Unless this isn't his will."

"Then where do our orders come from?" Castiel wishes she could talk to Cassie right now, to find out if Anna should be believed.

"I don't know. One of our superiors, maybe, but not Him," Anna says, adamant. "The father you love, you think He wants this? You think he'd ask this of you? You think this is righteous?"

Castiel doesn't look into her eyes and is suddenly tempted to wake up her host.

"What you're feeling? It's called doubt," Anna states. Castiel knows this, having felt it since taking over Cassie. Anna steps forward and touches Castiel's hand in a sign of sympathy. "These orders are wrong and you know it. But you can do the right thing. You're afraid, Cas. I was too. But together, we can still--"

"I need to think about this," Castiel interrupts and Anna releases her hand. She vanishes, leaving Castiel alone once more to listen to Alastair's ringing scream.

* * *

><p>Sam arrives, storming past Castiel. She lets him, not wanting to do anything without talking to Cassie first. She hears yelling and shouting and moves to the doorway and listens to Alistair's confession. Sam walks up to her after killing the demon.<p>

"This whole thing was pointless. You understand that? The demons aren't doing the hits. Something else is killing your soldiers," he declares.

"Perhaps Alistair was lying." It sounds weak, even to her, but she doesn't like the other choice.

"No, he wasn't," Sam states firmly before getting his brother out of there. When the door slams shut behind them, Castiel winces as though she's just been hit.

* * *

><p>Hello,

**I realize there is a bit of difference from the show than there is in this chapter (and not just because of Cassie). I have Uriel turn

the pipe earlier than he does in the show, but that's because I forgot when he did it and then I didn't want to go back and rewrite everything.**

Thank you for reading,

Gabriel's Wings

P.S.

Thank you always totallyignorable for being the beta, I wouldn't know what I would if you weren't there.

End
file.